

But at night I would heard her crying in her sleep

I know my mother tried her very best
I know she smiled when she was weeping
I know she pretend to be happy

But at night I would heard her crying in her sleep

I love my mother
wanted so much for her to be happy
But I would not stop her from crying in her sleep

her soul yearn to be of free of fear
but she was never free from the fear
of the evil preachers that killed her soul
In Cambridge Maryland when she was a baby
And the church members that blame her

She died crying and in fear

Song by Barry Wyatt